SLEEPING NOW.

There were lovers a hundred years ago Whispering vows in the firelight's glow; Sweeter than light was the low-said word Sweeter than life to the ears that heard; And the rich blood flooded the cheek;

brow
Of that maid who heard her lover's vow.
But the fire has gone out; and the emi there, Blackened and scarred, speak no word of the

And the brave who that calm winter night Plighted their vows in the dim firelight. Where are the lovers of the years lon-

Sleeping now!

On yonder hill two white shafts stand; From afar they look like friends hand hand; the midnight black or the rudly dawn and they cold and chill while the yes

And the names carved there in the marble Are the names of the lovers who that night, In the winter a hundred years ago, Whispered their vows in the firelight's glow. The fire has gone out; see, the ashes how

And ashes those pale shafts guard through the night.
'Tis a hundred years, and the lovers are

Sleeping now!

There were mothers a hundred years ago, Singing sweet iuliables soft and low; Fair were the babes by their fond arms Fairer the mothers who hushed them to rest

Their tresses as yellow as the tasseled corn:
Their eyes as bright as the dewy morn.
O! strong young mothers, good and fair,
Your babes long since outgrew your care;
Long since those tresses lost color of gold,
Long since those eyes grew dim and cold.
Where are the mothers of the years long

Sleeping now!

There were babes a hundred years ago Hushed to sleep by lullables low; Their cheeks as sweet as the dew-bathe Their eyes undimmed by a rough world's

woes; Secure from unrest or griefs or alarms, Nestling they slept within fair, shelter arms, But the years have gone—the hundred

years— They woke to knowledge, to pain, to fears; They hearkened at length to Death's lulla

bies,
To the songs sung at night, and then closed their eyes.
Where now are the babes of the years long gone?

Bleeping now!

-Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, in N. Y. Ledger.

DOROTHY'S ROMANCE.

Story of a Letter That Came Forty Years Too Late.

Dorothy Field looked very sweet and demure, as with her father, old Squire -Field, and her tall, rather loosely hung brother Andrew, she walked to church one Sunday morning forty years ago. The little village of Framleigh was always quiet, yet on Sunday mornings it and anxious. She had hardly time to Dorothy was sometimes a little oped even more peaceful than usual. pressed by the calm and wished it would not make itself quite so obtrusive. But on this May morning no such rebellious thoughts were in her mind, for she entered into the gently-beguiling mood of nature, and her heart was full of sun-

As they neared the rather stately looking church, little groups were seen coming from all directions. For every one in Framleigh went to church. Al though the congregation was not large, it was on the whole a well-to-do one. For the inhabitants of this little village, most of whom were descended from a few aristocratic old families, prided themselves on this fact and kept up their good old names.

choir looked over the familiar faces no letter came, she would ask with an which showed themselves over the high, anxious, nervous manner. Poor Dorothy pleasant eyes and sunny hair. And as she looked from him to her good-nature 1, always cherished a faint hope that she

Occasionally, during the service, she descon, and as she was singing in her told them it could never be. soprano voice "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," she looked finding his dark eyes fixed on her with a calm, interested gaze, this simple coun- Although her face was not so youthful

leigh that day, this young man was still very attractive, with its clear, kind spoken of with more or less interest. eyes, its sweet mouth and just a trace of the came generally known that he was the roses that used to bloom in her a cousin of the deacon's wife and had cheeks. Perhaps it was partly Cambridge, but was now obliged to give of Framleigh love Miss Dorothy-Aunt

The blooming damsels of Framleigh. who outnumbered the young men of the good-natured, red-cheeked girl, who she was happy and content. was hospitably inclined, was much grieved that it was too late in the cided to content herself with a "gather- his death. While practicing at the hos played "fox and geese" or "around the chimney," and ate apples and cake or eak up at ten o'clock, when those of the youths who were not too bashful would ask their favorite Mehitables or Abigails if they might see them home.

This kind of gayety was quite new to the young Harvard student, and al- back door and said: "I left a letter on he went in rather a superior mood, thinking to be mildly amused by the harmless gambols of these country people, yet he felt a thrill of interest as ered if he should see the sweetfaced girl who had sung in the choir on parlor, almost the first person he saw was Dorothy, looking very charming and dress which had belonged to her mother.

and introduced him to every one in the which equite shocked the feelings of Framleigh society. On one side of the room all the maidens were sitting, while on the opposite side were all the young men, looking awkward enough in the straight-hacked chairs and deceased in the came to see her.

When he had gone with a large bunch of roses in one hand and a cookey done up in a brown paper in the other, Miss Dorothy went into the sitting-room and opened her rather official-looking letter.

There was a letter and a note inclosed room. Then Robert did on the opposite side were all the young men, looking awkward enough in the straight-backed chairs, and dressed in their best clothes. For this was the read: way in which the guests always were ar-ranged at the "gatherings" until the games began. But Robert, with an easy, graceful manner, took a seat on the girls' side of the room, between Dorothy and little Ruth Hawks, and began talk-

eding which caused a surprised flutter on one side of the room and struck ternation on the other.

But when they began to play games, the chilly air of reserve which seemed to encircle the company, was changed to one of merry good humor. From the moment when Dorothy's clear, shy eyes looked into his, as she took the cat's cradle off his hands, Robert had a feeling of exhibitation and knew that he should enjoy himself. And when he left Dorothy at her own door, he felt very joyful as he walked home to the dea-con's, and it seemed to him that there was nothing more charming than a coun-

try village in May.

Dorothy came down to breakfast next norning looking very trim and domestic in a light print gown, and when Andrew spoke in a joking manner about her new city beau, she blushed up to the little curls of her forehead and looked rather

That afternoon she thought she would go into the woods to see if she could find some late arbutus. When she reached the top of the hill she found a beautiful bed of mayflowers, which had come out late, as they were under a pine tree, which kept off the sun. As she was

which kept on the sun. As she was bending over the flowers, pulling off the dead leaves which covered them, she heard a deep voice humming: O, do you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? Sweet Alice with hair so brown? Looking up she saw Robert Deane not ery far from her. Just at that moment he saw her and came toward her. So together they gathered the arbutus, and when Robert said that picking may flowers seemed to be the most appropri ate thing in the world for her to do, she like them, she turned pinker than the pinkest of the flowers in her hand. And then he added: "I never knew how beautiful the arbutus was be fore." After they had gathered all the blossoms under the pine tree, Robert wanted to go up higher on the mountain to see if there were not some flowers there. So they did not get home till supper-time and Dorothy, who was usu-ally very capable about the house, ned rather abstracted that evening. As the days went on Robert Deane still stayed in Framleigh. The simple old deacon, in speaking to the minister's wife about him, said: "It does seem mighty queer about Cousin Robert's eyes. The doctors told him he wouldn't need to rest them for more than a week or so, and here he isn't able to go back to Cambridge yet; but he does seem

mighty content here."

May changed to June and still he stayed. He acquired a great interest in walking, and he and Dorothy used to take long rambles on the mountains or by the quiet little river. He told her about his past life, his hopes and ambitions, and to this country girl, who had had no interests outside of the little village, it seemed as if a new world had

One morning when she was working in the kitchen the old knocker went in such a vigorous way, that she hurried to the door with her apron on. She found Robert Deane there looking pale say "Good morning" before he began: 'I have just had a letter saying that my mother is very sick. I must go home. Cousin Nathaniel is going to drive me to Dayton and I am going right on. He is out here waiting. But I couldn't go without seeing you. May I write to you, Dorothy?" Dorothy very softly and blushingly told him how sorry she was that his mother was sick, and that he might write to her if he wanted to. Then with an earnest, lingering look and a gentle pressure of her hand, he

was gone, leaving Dorothy in a very be-wildered state of mind. She stayed in the house for several days and then she began to go to the post-office. At first she asked the good old postmaster if there was any mail, demurely, with a happy, conscious little in the blush. Then, as the days went on and straight pews, her attent.on was caught Although she was faithful in her visits by an unfamiliar face in Dea Gray's to the post-office, she received no letter, Surely, never before had she seen and after a time all the pretty pink this tall, elegant young man, with the went out of her face and it grew pale awkward brother, it seemed to her that should hear from Robert, and although Andrew's coat had never fitted so badly. one of the most well-to-do young men of Framleigh was urgent in his proposals glanced demurely over her hymn book at the new face beside the staid old have welcomed him as a son-in-law, she

It was a bright June morning. over toward the deacon's pew to see if the new occupant were singing, and was picking roses off the large old cinnamon rose-bush at her back door try girl blushed and nearly lost her looking as it was that afternoon when she gathered May flowers with Robert At the various dinner tables in Fram- Deane forty years before, yet it was been studying at the medical school in kindly face that made all the children Dorothy, as they called her-and no real sunt ever had more regard and love than she did. Her life was not an unvillage, were especially interested in happy, lonely one, for it was so full of the stranger. Rebecca Thompson, a kindness and blessings to others that

A few years after Robert Deane had grieved that it was too late in the gone from Framleigh, she had heard season to have a sugar party, that she that he had married a rich Boston girl. might ask Mr. Deane; but finally de- Only about a year after she had read of ing," which meant a special meeting of pital, he had taken some contagious disswains and maidens of Framleigh, ease. That was all she knew about in the large old parlor, where they him. She had never received a word from him. Although at first her heart had been bitter toward Robert, yet, as popped corn. The "gathering" would time went on, her feelings had softened and now she thought of him in a fond, tender way as one she had loved.

This morning as she was picking the roses, little Tommy Chapin, one of her most devoted cavaliers, came out of the the table in the sitting-room for you, Aunt Dorothy."

"Thank you, Tommy; don't you think your mother would like these roses? They're about the last there'll be, I guess, and if you'll come in I will give

you one of my ginger cookies." So Tommy followed Miss Dorothy in and she gave him a large round cookey out of the stone jar which she always kept full, so that she might have some-Rebecca, the hostess, ushered him in thing to give the children when they came to see her.

envelope. She unfolded the note and

SALEM, June, 189-Miss DOROTHY FIELD:

In rediting the boxes of this post-office, it
was necessary to take down the high baseboards behind the receiving box. There we
found this old letter directed to you. On ascertaining that you still live in Framleigh
we at once forward it. Respectfully yours,
POSTMASTER.

Then there was an envelope yellow with age and with a post-mark of forty years before. Miss Dorothy opened it with trembling fingers and read:

SALEM, June, 184-

MY DEAR DOROTHY:

SALEM, June, 184—

MY DEAR DOROTHY:

I have thought about you a great deal since I left Framleigh and now that my mother is better I must write to you. I could not bear to come away without telling you that I loved you, although I think you must know it. I never supposed that I could care for any one as I care for you. Now, dear Dorothy, if you return my love at all, let me know and I will come at once to Framleigh. If you do not and can not care for me, do not pain yourself and me by saylog so, but don't write at all. Hopefully yours.

As poor Miss Dorothy read this a mist

As poor Miss Dorothy read this a mist came over her eyes. This was the hard-est moment of her life, harder than those weary weeks of suspense. As she thought of Robert's weary, restless wait-ing, of his heartache and sorrow and of the sadness which had come into her own heart, it seemed to her that a very cruel fate had guided the course of that

But Miss Dorothy's trusting heart could not be bitter long. She believed that somehow all things must be best as they were, and after a few quiet hours spent alone she came out of her room with her usual sunshiny manner. Then she went out into the garden to pull some of her nice radishes to send to unattractive old Miss Dunn, whom she pitied very much, for she firmly believed that she had never had a lover.—Grace Tyler Pratt, in Springfield (Mass.) Re-

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

A Tragedy Which Buined the Prospects of

Adolphus Hawkins bounded up the teps of the Dusenbury mansion with a confident air and a package of caramels. He wore a happy, contented little smile and an imported London cane.

There are several kinds of smiles. The one we speak of now is the brand which cheers but does not inebriate. Miss Arabella Dusenbury was accus omed to be waiting in the parlor at this

nour and on this evening, but to-night he was not there. They were engaged-were these two people—and it seemed to the friends of each that the alliance was a most suit-

able one in many respects, including For one thing it would unite the noble American houses of Hawkins and Dusen-

On this particular evening Arabella kept Adolphus waiting a long time, and when she appeared she was not alone. High authority tells us that it is not good for a man to be alone, but it says nothing about women, the inference, therefore, is that it is better for women to be alone than for man. At all events, Arabella came not alone.

The young man rose to meet and gree her, but she sternly waved him back.
"Why, Arabella," he gasped, "what

She brought with her an air of con-

loes this mean?" "It means, sir, that all is over between "You don't mean that our engagement

s broken?" "Yes." "Why, O, why, do you discard your aithful Adolphus?" "Faithful! Ha, ha! Faithful! Well.

like that!" which impelled Adolphus to draw him-self up to his full height of five feet one inch and demand plans and specifications of the alleged unfaithfulne

"Why, sir, you have basely deceived "Deceived you, Arabella! What non-

"'Tis true, alas," she cried, and her lovely eyes filled with tears. "How have I deceived you, Miss Du-

senbury? I demand to know!" But her face blanched, and she clung to a chair for support.

She seemed about to faint. "Told you what?" asked Hawkins, mperiously and pitilessly, and as the air young creature lost consciousness

"That you-wrote jokes-for the funny papers"-Wm. H. Siviter, in Munsey's Weekly.

THE PRINCESS THERESA.

A Royal Lady Whose Contributions to Science Are of Great Value.

Princess Theresa, the only daughter of the Prince Regent Luitpold, of Bavaria, has again attracted the attention of the scientific world by a work just published under the title "Under Polarkreis," which contains an acount of er journey through Norway to the North cape, giving most valuable geo-graphical, ethnographical and general information about the parts of Scandinavia she traversed. The gifted Princess is an experienced traveler, who has visited many countries, among them Brazil, and who published five years ago a record of her travels in Russia, which she undertook under an assumed name, and accompanied only by a few attendants, in order to obtain a truer insight into the characteristic features of the country than is generally possible to royal travelers. This work bears the title "Reiseeindrucke und Skizzen aus Russland," and has been pronounced by competent judges as a valuable contribution to the knowledge of the great empire and its inhabitants. The cess, who is now in her fortieth year, writes under the pseudonym "Theresev. Bayer, and understands how to com bine accuracy of detail with a peculiar charm of narration, equally attractive to the scientific and the general reader. There is nothing of the blue-stocking in the personal appearance of Princes Theresa, who resembles in plety and benevolence her mother, Princess Augusta, who died in 1864. Since she has grown up she has been the presiding genius of her father's househ ciating in this capacity with the artists and learned men who are admitted to the entourage of the Prince Regent.—

Suicide of an Old Soldier

An old soldier named Zimm has just committed suicide at Versailles through grief at having been compelled to leave the army through age some little time ago. This is a rare case in days when the military authorities experience the utmost difficulty in induc-ing non-commissioned officers to remain at their posts; but the Alsatian veteran had a real passion for the service. He had fought in Italy in 1859, and had taken part in all the subsequent wars and campaigns, and he was inconsolable at the idea that his occupation was at last gone. Zimmermann made no secret of his determination to make an each his days, and, rising noiselessly, so as not to disturb his wife, he took his revolver, which was hanging on the wall of his bedroom, and sent a bullet through his heart.—Paris Letter.

THE VANISHING SURPLUS

In less than four months' time after getting full control of the Government the Republican party has succeeded in the Republican party has succeeded in more than disposing of the surplus and placing itself in such a position that it must either repudiate all its pledges to the soldiers or place a heavy burden of debt upon the country. In an interview ax-speaker Carlisle says: "It is already apparent that the appropriations for the ordinary expenses of the Government for the next fiscal year will be largely in excess of the Secretary's estimate. It has been stated on the floor of the House by a Republican member of the committee on appropriations that the sum of \$442,099,110.30 will be required, and if this is correct there will be a deficit of \$57,090,110, instead of a surplus, even if none of the extravagant appropriations (new pensions, Blair bill, direct tax, etc.) that I have mentioned shall be made." When asked whether or not all these bills would pass, the ex-Speaker responded:

whether or not all these bills would pass, the ex-Speaker responded:

Of course it is impossible for me to say whether they will or not. But one thing is certain, and the country ought to understand it. They will be passed if the Republican party wants to pass them. It has the Senate, the House and the President, and the rules have been so changed that the Democrats can neither defeat nor delay any measure that the majority may see proper to introduce. The pension bills can be taken up any day and passed, and so can all the others. If the repeated pledges made to the soldlers and others by the Republican party are not redeemed at this session of Congress, it will be because that party does not want to redeem them and does not intend to do so. It has no excuse whatever for a failure to promptly pass all these bills, and if this session closes without their passage, it will be useless for it hereafter to pretend that it is in favor of them. The time and opportunity have come, and the party must take the whole responsibility for action or non-action. It is true that the passage of these bills, or any considerable part of them, would make it absolutely necessary to impose additional taxes upon the people, or largely to increase the public debt by the issue of new bonds; but the Republican party knew this just as well when it made its promises to the soldiers as it knows it now, and, therefore, it can not escape responsibilities on that ground.

Mr. Carlisle might well have said that,

nd, therefore, it can not escape responsibilities in that ground.

Mr. Carlisle might well have said that o far as the pension bills are concerne they will not be passed. The Republican party cares nothing for the old soldier fter it gets his vote. The only pledges the Republican party ever redeems are those made to the corporations, monop olies and trusts. These will be redeemed though the veterans die in the poor ouse.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

M'KINLEY'S "REFORM" BILL. it Reduces the Revenues Without Redu

ing Monopoly Protection.

The bill of the ways and means committee for reducing the internal revenue and the tariff, now ready to be reported to the House, goes far toward redeeming the promise of the Republican party to make the leading vices of the country free and prosperous. The removal of the tax from alcohol used in the arts is equivalent to free whisky, as no method as yet been discovered for preventing frauds under such a law. Manufactures tobacco is to be four cents a pound cheaper, and the tax on snuff pealed altogether. These changes are presumably among the great moral ideas for which the Republican party claims distinction.

This alleged reform of the tariff in-

cludes a large increase of the tariff on wool, causing clothing and carpets to cost the consumer more than ever, and offers the farmer as a solace an increase of the tariff on butter, eggs, barley and buckwheat, which are imported in such small quantities as not to affect the great mass of the farmers at all. The bill makes a cut of rom 50 to 60 per cent in the duty on sugar and of 25 per cent. in the duty on molasses, because these reductions will benefit the wealthy North and West at the expense of the "infant industries" of the South, and because the tariff revenue tariff, as distinguished from a monopoly-protecting tariff. The tariff on tin-plate is raised to a prohibitive point thereby cutting off entirely the \$6,000,000 revenue which the Government has hitherto derived from that source, and at the same time enabling the infant tin-plate monopoly of this country to double its prices if it Such are the effects of intrust ing the reformation of the war tariff to the scheming villains who first de-

The important point in this bill is the fact that it reduces the revenues of the Government without reducing monopoly "protection." Its policy all the way through is to build up and enrich the Eastern manufacturers at the expense of every other industry, and especially at the expense of the Western farmer.— Chicago Herald.

OUTRAGEOUS FRAUDS.

Wicked Schemes Formulated by Selfis

Surplus Busters. Those organs which are pretending that the proposed pension bills are for the benefit of needy veterans, or which are denouncing those who do not believe in squandering the people's money in undeserved payments to deserters, are sowing the wind and may reap the whirlwind. If it had ever be sary or proper for the people to pay \$100,060,000 a year to the deserving penioners, there would not have b voice raised against the most liberal appropriations. But when it is announce that the pension rolls are to be increase that the pension rolls are to be increased that the surplus may be dissipated; when it is proposed that the safeguards adopted by the Grand Army shall not be applied in the payments of pensions; when such blatherskites as Tanner and Dudley shall be foisted upon the country as representatives of the soldiers, it is time for honest citizens to take the alarm, and speak for those who are really deserving of the Government's attention.

Every name wrongfully placed upon the pension rolls is a disgrace to worthy veterans. The long list of men who are drawing from the Federal treasury monthly stipends which have been allowed by scoundrelly officials, forms amenace to the very existence of a pension system. It is beyond the bounds of possibility that the people will permit this disgrace to outlive the term of the Harrison-Dudley adminis-tration, and it is the part of those who believe in the full performance of the people's pledges to the soldiers to guard their interests in this matter against he worse than rebels and traitors who have been placed in power by Mr. Har-rison.—Chicago Leader.

An Illustrious Proce

"Lige," said Mr. Harrison, "they call me a nepotist because I look after my family." plied the private secretary.
"Well, it's too bad. I am

AN ABSURD REPORT.

ra Congressmen Will Not Tre menting on an absurd report in Washington of some sort of "dicker" between the Republicans and some of the Southern members of Congress the

more plain every day, that the best poli the South is patience. Time is its grea-powerful aily. It has very little to gain any positive legislation and very much to powerful ally. It has very little to gain from waiting. It is slowly but surely settiful to receive legislation and very much to g from waiting. It is slowly but surely settiful receive receive legislation and very much to g from waiting. It is slowly but surely settiful receive receive legislation. It is slowly but surely settiful receive legislation in the learning bow to divide the new vote. It was done last fall in Virginia, in so portions of Mississippi, Louisiana and Flori and it can and will be done more and more time goes on. * • • The day that it is received in the North that division and not supression of the vote of the negroes is policy of the South, the Southern questiful entirely disappear. Even now it has a far disappeared that the majority Congress will not be able, and will have dare to try, to pass any election law direct against the South alone, or capable of believer the South alone. The schom of the leaders—the Chandlers, Shermans, Roe—are mischievous in appearance, but they a vain. It would be a very bad bargain for Sout ern men to try to deteat them by making concessions in other matters, for they would have every thing to lose and nothing substantial gain."

The talk of "concessions" from South ern Congressmen is ridiculous. They are not "treating" with the Republican revolutionists. The South is in the Inion; it is an integral part of it; it has equal rights and equal duties. It is in-terested just as the other sections in sound legislation, and can pay its part to the piper for saturnalian dances. proposes to protect its interests openly and boldly, relying on the American people. It has no favors to ask of, and none to give to, the Republican party managers. Legislation good enough for the North may be bad, truly, but we can stand it as long as can any other section.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

OUR CHINESE TARIFF.

The Effect It Has Had on Sheep-Raising

Except during the civil war she raising has been for fifty years a de-clining business in this country for beyond the control of legisladon. The number of sheep per capita of population was nearly 50 per cent. greater in 1840 than in 1880, and at the atter date there had been thirteen years of the highest "protection" for wool known in our history. Here are the official figures:

The current census will show greater disparity between population and number of sheep than existed in 1880. In 1840 there were 2,000,000 more sheep than people in the United States. In 1890 there are, it is estimated, 22,-

000,000 more people than sheep.
Whatever else protection has done it has not built up the sheep industry. It has been demonstrated that no tariffs can do this. The industry could scarcely decline more rapidly under a policy of absolute free trade than it has done under the system of Chinese protection—Indiana State Sentinel.

POLITICAL POINTERS.

-Now that Harrison is safely out of the race, who will get the Republican nomination in 1892?—Atlanta Constituion.

-"What to do with the surplus" "What to do with the surplus" will soon be changed to "What to do to get another surplus."—Washington Star (Rep.).

—As riches are reliably stated to have wings, no serious difficulty is anticipated in making the surplus fly.— Philadelphia Record.

-Where the Democrats left a surplus of \$100,000,000 the Republicans are preparing to leave a hole in the ground.

-The exertions of Colonel Dudley and Dr. Harrison to bring about a pure ballot are making 1890 a great year. -Louisville Courier-Journal.

-- Protectica, if anywhere in the world, has done its perfect work in Pennsylvania. But there is no other State in the Union in which there is greater deprivation among laboring en. The accounts of the suffering in the coal regions are heart-rending .- Philadelphia Record.

-The Republican organs now engaged in ridiculing Senator Blair and denouncing his educational bill ought to reflect that it comes to them with the double commendation of the in-dorsement of the Republican platform and the denunciation of the Democratic platform. It is a distinctively Republican and distinctively un-Dem measure.—Nashville American.

-Between the necessity of humgugging the farmers with sham pro ection and sham reduction of the tariff and the necessity of satisfying the mo-nopolists with real protection and no reduction, Mr. McKinley's committee is twixt the devil and the deep sea. But that the monopolists, whose liberality made Harrison, Reed, McKinley and their associates what they are, will be satisfied there can be no doubt.—St.

Louis Post-Dispatch. —There are pending before the House committee on pensions over 200 general bills, which would take \$700,-000,000 annually from the treasury if passed. Besides there are 2,000 private pension bills. But the Republican roblem is not alone how to keep these nises made to the soldiers to satisfy other demands made on the strength of party promises which would absorb more than twice the amount of the surplus without allowing a dollar's worth of tax reduction. No wonder, as one friendly correspondent observes, the party leaders are "very much pre-plexed."—Springfield Republican.

Sherman on Negro Suffrage. That was a significant remark of Ser tor Sherman in the Senate the other have been better bad the amendmen giving the negroes the suffrage not bee an experience of twenty years. There is no doubt that it was at the time a distasteful expedient to the Senator and many of those who acted with him. It was not a measure calculated to promote the immediate interests of the emancipated slaves, as they were utterly ignorant and unfit for the duties involved in domination at the ballot box. It was not such a policy as Abraham Lincoln would have favored. He would have made the approach to that prerog-ative gradual and the result of prepara-tion. But the partisanship of the hour was intolerant, and its work is a final-

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

-Never hull strawberries if you wish

lo keep them.

—Milk and bread are far better for children than the cakes and pies that are fed to them in such abundance now. As the laws of health become better known such things as milk and eggs will have a better market. They are natural products, while cakes, pies and the whole brood of condimental dishes, are devices that discredit good sense

-Bran water is very good for washing Madras curtains without soap. Use a wooden pallful of bran to a washboiler of water. Let it boil half an hour of more; strain part of it and use for washing the curtains; let the rest continue to boil, then strain it and use for rinsing water. Shake wrinkles out of the cur tains as much as possible and hang them up to dry.—N. Y. World.

—Steamed Eggs.—Butter a pudding dish and put in a layer of bread crumbs; add a little butter in bits and season with pepper and salt. Break half dozen eggs carefully over this layer and a little pepper, salt and bits of butter; cover with new milk. Set the dish in a steamer over boiling water and steam a few minutes, or until the eggs are sufdeiently cooked.—Orange Judd Farmer
—Peach Cake.—Bread dough enough

for a loaf, mix one egg, one-half cupful sugar and two tablespoonfuls butter into it; add enough flour to roll out, one-half an inch thick, put in the baking pan, let rise till light, peel peaches, halve them and cover the dough with them. Make a sweet custard, cover the peaches with it, bake in moderate oven; when cold cut in squares, dredge sugar and serve. Can use apples instead of peaches, only slice them about one-quarter of an inch

-Make of drilling or some other stou material a bag about ten inches long and between one and one and a half inches wide. Stitch it in the center lengthwise, so as to make two long, narrow bags. Fill these with shot. Then make a cover of ribbon or silk or any thing one fancies. A pretty cover is to sew together two narrow widths of ribbon of contrasting colors, finishing the ends with fringe. When you are reading a book, lay this weight across the pages and you will find it a great saving of time and temper.—Advance.

DANGEROUS LEARNING.

Progress Made in the Education of Childr Within One Century. No reform has been greater, during the past century, than that in the education of children. Not only has the brutal system of promiscuous flogging been abolished, but girls and workingpeople are supposed to be as greatly benefited by study as those who were once considered their superiors. Han-nah More, who believed only in the merest elementary instruction of the poor, sought to establish a village Sun-day school for those of her acquaintance, but the farmers of the neighborhood begged her to cease her efforts, as "re ligion would be the ruin of agriculture."

The children therefore assembled un-

der an apple tree to sing hymns, but were driven away by the owner of the tree, who said he was afraid hymn singing was "Methody, and Methody had once blighted a tree belonging to his mother." Mrs. Barbauld, who lived at the same period, the first part of the eighteentl

century, was very desirous of following a course of study, but at that time it was thought to be quite enough for women if they could read, "and perhaps write their names or so." As her father was a schoolmaster, however, she was able to persuade him to share with her The father of Maria Edgeworth had some very peculiar ideas on the subject

of education. Obedience was one of the principles which he strove always to hold, and it was a part of Maria's discipline to do every day something which was uncongenial to her. A guest one day imprudently made some exclamation in regard to the

one daughter. Mr. Edgeworth instantly opened a drawer, held her head over it. and with a large pair of scissors snippe off the golden treasure. "Charlotte, what do you say?" he inquired, as the ringlets fell into the

beauty of the golden hair belonging to

lrawer. "Thank you. father," she answered. Then Mr. Edgeworth turned to the ruests, and remarked:

"I will not allow a daughter of mine

Mary Somerville, who as a little child lived a free, out-door life, was pro nounced "a little savage" by her fathe when he returned from a long absence at sea. She was then sent to a boarding-school for a year, and there her bod was inclosed in stiff stays, with a stee busk in front; a metal rod, fastened to a semicircle which went under the chin was clasped to this busk, and, thus im prisoned, she was set to learning col

umns of Johnson's dictionary by heart. Fortunately she proved very stupid at this intellectual exercise, and her mother took her out of school. Then it was that the child began that process of self-education which ended only with her long life of ninety-two years.-Youth's Companion.

FRENCH NEWSPAPERS.

France is a great country for journal-

ists, but is a mighty poor field for a news paper man. In Paris they produce the handsomest, best edited, best illustrated periodicals in the world, and they have the meanest newspapers. The English newspapers are slow enough to set an American editor crazy. But newspapers, as we understand them, can be hardly pies but a very secondary place in their composition. Take, for example, Le Petit Journal, the daily paper with the largest circulation in the world, genuine and undoubted. It sells for five sous one cent—and it is the worst looking little rag I ever laid eyes on. Printed on miserable paper, with heavy-faced type and poor ink, it presents a cheap, smeary appearance, which would fill the soul of the most slovenly backwoods editor with disgust. It contains condensed reports of the proceedings of the Chamber of Deputies, political articles, short police news and a story. The story is the main features the special articles next and the news is last to be considered. Dynasties may be over-thrown, cities may be destroyed, Kings tion. But the partisanship of the hour was intolerant, and its work is a finality. Mr. Sherman can not recall it if he would. No wonder there has been friction and disorder at times, and in localities, as the sequence of the continuous contin Well, it's too had. I am simply friction and disorder at times, and in following in the steps of Washington. He was the Father of his country, and I'm blessed if he didn't look after his country the first thing."—N. Y. Sun.

friction and disorder at times, and in quake, and it was a question between publishing the the news of the catastrophe and the story, the news would lay over every time.—Allan Forman, in Journalist.



ONE ENIOYS Both the method and results wh Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanage the sys-tem effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Fign is the enly remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the laste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most possession and prompts.

the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE. KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

SCOTT'S

DOES CURE CONSUMPTION

In its First Stages.

March, April, May

the Months when the Blood should be renovated

Aver's Sarsaparilla

and the System fortified for the

change of Seasons. Prepared by r. J. C.



VASELINB PREPARATIONS.

One Box of Pure Vaseline,... 10 Cents. One Bex of Vaseline Camphor Ice,10 Cts. One Cake of Vaseline Soap.... 10 Cents. One Box of Vaseline Soap.... 10 Cents. One Bottle of Pomade Vaseline,15 Cents. One Bottle of Pomade vascine, is Centra.

If you have occasion to use "Vascline" in any form be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by ne in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take Vascline Preparations put up by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an imitation without value and will not do good or give you the result you expect. A two ounce bottle of fine. See! Vascline is sold by all druggists at ten centra.



Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 24 State St., N: Y.

Advice to the Aged

IMPARTING VIGOR o the kidneys, bladder and liv They are adapted to old or young.